

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

## Good Counsel.

## A RHYME SIX YEARS OLD.

Guard, my child, thy tongue,  
That it speak no wrong;  
Let no evil word pass o'er it,  
Set the watch of truth before it,  
That it do no wrong,  
Guard, my child, thy tongue!

Guard, my child, thine eyes:  
Prying is not wise,  
Let them look on what is right;  
From all evil turn their sight;  
Prying is not wise,  
Guard, my child, thine eyes!

Guard, my child, thine ear!  
Wicked words will sear:  
Let no evil words come in  
That may cause the soul to sin,  
Wicked words will sear,  
Guard, my child, thine ear!

Ear, and eye, and tongue,  
Guard while thou art young;  
For, alas! these busy three  
Can unruly members be.  
Guard while thou art young,  
Ears, and eyes, and tongue!

—Selected.

DEAR EDITOR:—It has been sometime since I have written a letter to your paper. If I would like to write as well as I like to read the letters I would write quite often. I often think it would be quite pleasant to visit the eastern and middle states. I should like to skate on the ice and have sleigh rides. Our seasons are much different here in the winter. We have rain instead of snow. In the summer we have no rain, but is cool and pleasant most of the time. Perhaps some of you might think how our gardens and flowers can grow without rain. Well, I will tell you how we make our's grow. Papa built a little wind mill and it looks something like a whirlygig if you know what that is, only it has two fans instead of four. He attaches this to a pump. In this way gets water to irrigate our garden. I attend Sunday School. Miss Lizzie Kilhefner is my teacher. We have a good school. Average attendance fifty. Uncle Joe that was a nice piece you had in the paper to the Band of Hope. I have not made my badge yet but think it would be very nice. The next you write tell us when you will return to California. This is all I will write this time.

Good by,  
MAMIE WOLFE.

Lathrop, Cal., March 29, 1887.

Dear Editor:—This is my second attempt to write for the Children's Column. It has been a long time since I wrote before. My school is out. My studies were Reading, Writing, Spelling, Arithmetic, Geography and Grammar. My teacher's name was Mr. I. B. Kennedy. It snowed all day yesterday. My pa belongs to the Brethren church. He takes the EVANGELIST, and I like to read the letters in the Children's Column very much. I will close by answering May Statler's question: Where is the longest verse in the Bible found? The longest verse is found Esther 8: 9. If I see this in print, I may write again.

Yours truly,

JOHN W. THOMPSON.

Harrisonburg, Va., April 1, 1887.

Dear Editor:—I thought I would write a few lines for the Children's Column. Our Sunday School was organized at the Pleasant Valley church the third of April. I like to go. I have two sisters. The oldest one is our Sunday School Secretary. Pa takes the EVANGELIST, and I like to read the letters. Mr. J. M. Rittgers of Sweet Home, Ind., preaches for us at the Pleasant Valley church every four weeks and Walter Clark our home minister every two weeks. I will close by asking a question: Who sinned in hiding some gold and silver? If I see this in print, I may write again.

DELLIE HARTSELL.

Cass, Mich.

Dear Editor:—This is my second attempt to write for the Children's Column. Our school closed the 25th, of March for one week's vacation.

My teacher's name was Mr. Walter Rowland. My studies were Fifth Reader, Spelling, Geography, Arithmetic, Grammar and History. I have little over half a mile to the school house. Mr. S. H. Bashor of Waterloo, Ia., was here and preached nearly two weeks and E. L. Yoder of Falls City, preached nearly one week; there were six converts; five of which were baptized. We are having very cold weather here this evening, but no snow on the ground. I go to Sunday School nearly every Sunday and like it very well. We have a very large Sunday School. We are going to have a nice entertainment on Easter Sunday. I will answer L. D. Rittenhouse's question: Noah was 950 years old when he died. I will close by asking a question: Where is the word school-master found in the Bible?

Yours truly,

JENNIE M. BAUMAN.

Carleton, Neb., 3, 1887.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my first attempt to write for the Children's Column. I am a little girl, eleven years of age. Today is my birthday. My pa and ma belong to the Brethren church. Pa takes the EVANGELIST. I love to read the little letters from the little readers. We live three miles southwest of Nappanee. Last Friday was the last day of school. I only missed four days. Our teacher's name was Mr. C. O. Price. I liked him very well. Please excuse all mistakes. I will answer John B. Field's question: Where is horse and rider thrown mentioned in the Bible? It is found in Exodus 15: 21. I will draw my letter to a close.

DELLA PHEND.

March 20, 1887.

DEAR EDITOR:—I thought I would write a few lines for the Children's Column. My pa takes the EVANGELIST. I like to read the Children's Column. I am twelve years old. My grandpa's and my grandma's are dead. I will close hoping to see this in print.

Good by,

SARAH FUNK.

Tom's Brook, Va.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my first letter to my little friends. I live with my grandpa and grandma. I am ten years old. My grandpa takes the EVANGELIST, and I like to read the letters. My mamma and grandma belong to the Brethren church and I expect to be a member sometime. If this escapes the waste basket I will write again. I will close by answering Grace E. Snider's question: The Ark was made out of gopher wood. Gen. 6: 14. I hope to see this in print.

Good by,

GERTRUDE P. RINEHART.

Dayton, O.

DEAR EDITOR:—As I wish to renew my subscription for the EVANGELIST, and thank you for its many friendly visits, I will just write a few lines for the Children's Column. I will say by way of encouragement that I think they deserve great credit for the many nice letters they write. How anxiously I read all their little letters, although I am not acquainted with any of the children but some of the parents I know. I live away out in California. A land of fruits and flowers and while I am sitting by the window writing I can look out into the flower garden and see many pretty flowers in bloom, and in the orchard the trees are full of blossoms, and the air is fragrant with the perfume of flowers. The country looks lovely now. The hills and mountains so green; with many wild flowers. It looks here now about like it does in May or June in the eastern or colder states. Many early vegetables in market even new potatoes some time ago. In our little city of about 7,000 inhabitants we have about ten churches I think, but no Brethren church but we have good ministers and many good Christian people, and I enjoy going to church. Lately a converted Jew has been lecturing here. His lectures were very instructive. He says many of the Jews are being converted and it will soon be a curiosity no longer to see a converted Jew. Now dear children I hope to see many good letters every week in the EVANGELIST. The editor is very kind to allow you space in his

paper so improve the time. Hope all will grow up to be good Christian men and women.

R. GAMBLE.

Santa Rosa, Cal., March 10, 1887.

Dear Editor:—This is my first attempt to write for the Children's Column. I am eleven years old. My pa takes the EVANGELIST. I like to read the little letters very much. My pa, ma and three sisters belong to the Brethren church. I feel quite lonesome. Our school is out now. I only missed two days this winter. We are going to organize a Sunday School next Sunday. I will close by answering Clara B. McCartney's question: Who caused iron to swim? Elisha caused iron to swim.

Good by,

EMMA L. RAGER.

Vincennes, Pa., April 10, 1887.

Dear Editor:—This is my second attempt to write for the Children's Column. I did not see my first letter in print. I guess it found its way to the waste basket. Spring is here, and we are busy fixing up the flower beds. We are having beautiful weather here now. I can hardly stay in doors. I am eight years old. My pa, ma, six sisters and two brothers belong to the Brethren church. Bro. J. W. Smouse is our pastor. He was at our place Saturday night and Sunday. He lives at Vincennes. We live five miles north of Johnstown. He has preaching on the Benshoff Hill, every three weeks. I like to hear him preach. I have a doll very near as large as I am. My sister Sadie gave it to me. She is not at home. She is living in Johnstown. You will have to excuse me as I cannot write very good. I will close for this time. Hoping to see this in print.

Good by editor,

ANNIE VIOLA BENSHOFF.

Johnstown, Pa., April 15, 1887.

## My first and last chew of Tobacco.

In No. 14 of the EVANGELIST, "Uncle Joe" tells the young folks the next time he writes he will say something about tobacco. This reminds me of the time I tried to be a man by learning to chew.

In 1855 when I was eleven years old, I was going to school to a lady teacher. Two of my school-mates, whose names are Daniel Dixon and Edwin Laidlan, both chewed tobacco, and I thought they were men but they were only thirteen years old, so I thought I would be a man too. Then I resolved to get some tobacco of Uncle Ned Adair, whom I was living with. But I was ashamed to ask him for it. So next morning when all was out of the house I went to the upper bureau drawer and found a half plug of tobacco which cost in those days about ten cents a plug. I began to feel like a man already. After I got a safe distance from the house on my way to school. Well, after we had eaten our school dinner, we were out by the side of the house chatting as usual, when Dan and Ed passed around their plug, but of course did not pass it to me, as I had refused them sometime before.

Therefore I took out my plug and began to take a chew, and I was very liberal about it too, for I took about as much as a man would have taken. Why, Ben, says Dan, do you chew? Oh yes I chew, said I, and they were all very inquisitive I thought as the amber kept accumulating. Books now being called, I found myself quite dizzy and the last one to my seat. But I forgot to dispose of my quid before going to my seat which was up near the teacher's desk. When I picked up my book, I could not tell one letter from the other. They were all running together, and everything was in a blur, and I began to feel sick. The teacher saw that I was pale and asked me if I was sick, and I said yes ma'am, and at the same time my quid went in the direction of the teacher. She said I had better go out, and after steadying myself by the benches, I reached the door when another quid tried to come up. Finally I got out in the shady side of the house and a sicker boy you never saw.

MORAL.—Boys never try to be a man by using tobacco.

B. G. FREDERICK.

Ripon, Cal., April 15, 1887.